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An Imaginary Interview

SOME time ago I received a printed card which, in courteous terms, summoned me to appear before the D—— of the College on Tuesday, May 16, at 11.30 o'clock. Accordingly I arrived at College Hall at the appointed hour. As I was about to knock at the D——'s door, however, it was suddenly flung open in my face, and three Freshmen, with wilted collars, and on their faces expressions of the most extreme terror, dashed wildly out and slammed the door behind them. This so disturbed me that I could not again scare up the courage to knock until the cheerful Hibernian, the Cerberus of the corridor, informed me that it was "aginst th' rhules ter be loitherin' round th' hawlways." Then I tapped timidly on the door. A little fellow, partly in the habiliments of a messenger, opened the door exactly three inches and stared critically up at me. "Hully gee!" he murmured audibly to himself, "anodder mug!"

Then he addressed me in low tones: "What d'yez want?"

"I desire to see the D——," I replied, with dignity.

He looked furtively behind him. "Say," he whispered, mysteriously, "got a cigarette?"

Silently I took out a box of Nestors and held it to him. After carefully selecting three and smuggling them into an inner pocket of his coat, he opened the door. "Yez can come in," he announced.

A long line of students, in all stages of nervous dejection, was marshalled about the room. I took my place at the end of the line. The D—— disposed of their cases promptly and unceremoniously. They left the room with an air, not as if they had been kicked, but as if they were in doubt whether they had been kicked or merely knocked on the head. I

moved up on the line so rapidly and imperceptibly that I did not notice that I was the next person to come before the judgment seat.

Suddenly a gruff voice broke upon my ear. "Well, sir, what's yours?"

"Whisky," I replied, absently.

The D—— looked up sharply from some papers he had been studying. "Eh?" he roared. "What are *you* here for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I answered, nonchalently.

A purplish tint spread slowly over his neck and face; he trembled violently; and suddenly he fairly bawled out: "What! what! You don't know what you're here for! Then what business have you to interrupt? To ——"

"You sent for me, you see;" and I produced the printed summons.

The D—— subsided a bit. "Oh!" he growled. "You are Mr. ——"

"Slander," I volunteered. Then I looked at my watch. In five minutes the Morningside artist, whom I had ordered to sketch His Highness, would be there. I must calm him down before the artist arrived.

"I called you here, sir," the D—— began, abruptly, "to tell you that this Imaginary Lecture business must stop, sir, must stop! By attaching peculiar characteristics to the most respected members of our faculty, you, sir, (and Satyr, whoever he is, and that—that *female*), have made them a subject of ridicule not only before the world, but, what is worse, before their own students. It must stop, sir! It is outrageous, *slanderous*, ——"

"Lavishly slanderous, I admit," I broke in. "But, then, we called no one a mastodon." (I took out a cigarette.)

"Sir," he cried, "how dare you mention such a topic? How dare you ——"

"Nor a dodo," I continued. (The artist had come in and was setting up his portable sketching-easel.) "But since you intend to Comstock us, I suppose we must quit." (I drew out a match, and deliberately scratching it under the projecting margin of his desk-top, I lighted my cigarette.)

I had evidently sinned the unpardonable. Several of the students in the room bolted. The rest were as demoralized as an unconventional Juliet on her *début*. The office boy, who had been balancing a pencil on his nose for the edification of the Seniors, was so struck with fright that he swallowed it. The D—— arose with glaring eyes. "You dare to spoil the sanctity of this office!" he thundered. "Do you think this is a smoking-room? Get out! Leave the grounds! Go to New York University!"

This was almost too much, but, with an effort, I controlled myself. I must get the D—— into a sketchable humor: so I changed my tactics.

"That was a great victory of the Lacrosse Team over Harvard," I ventured, cheerily.

His face relaxed slightly. "Yes; but it was about time for a victory, about time. But, sir, that cig——"

(The artist had taken his pencil.) "And then the Cycle Team won gloriously from Cornell on Saturday," I continued.

The D—— sank back into his chair. "Yes," he cried, warmly, "that was fine, fine. But ——"

(The artist was sketching vigorously.) "And then, the crew at Annapolis," I went on.

The D—— was beaming with satisfaction. "Magnificent! magnificent! The best crew since '95! Everyone says so. We'll beat Cornell! We'll beat Cornell!"

"And all these victories are in great measure attributable to the active interest and support of the highest authority—er—the acting-President." With this I capped it all. The artist had finished and was gathering his things. The D—— was smiling broadly and chuckling to himself. "I must go, now, sir," I said, and threw the stump of my cigarette into the waste basket.

"Not a bit of it!" cried the D——. "Not a bit of it! You have the right spirit, sir. You shall lunch with me. Willie! My stick and hat! Quick!" And we left the office arm-in-arm.

Walter Lavish Slander

Student Prayer

Now I sit me down to sleep—
This Prof he drools an awful heap.
If he should spot me ere I wake
Please punch me, Bill, for friendship's sake.

M. H. C.

THIS has the year brought: a newspaper that really gives some news and tries honestly to represent the University; a baseball team that has only been *disgracefully* beaten once in the season; a crew that pushes back the miles more cleanly than any since memorable ninety five; extraordinary reawakening of all long-dormant athletic interests. Again, King's Crown has become a real factor in our social life and the Deutscher Verein has developed an extraordinary facility for handling baseballs and beer mugs. *The* Dean is acting-President and Willie is acting-Dean. Furthermore, for the future, we are to take up the pigskin again in the fall, and Dormitories, real, sweet, pleasant Dormitories, are in construction! Small wonder, indeed, if we begin to believe that the Golden Age is about to break on the New Columbia.

Heart of Man! Heart of Man! But who, now, shall undertake the complementary theme? Who shall pierce the impenetrable, grasp the intangible, explore the unfathomable? Who, indeed, but the brilliant and versatile, the charming and adored? Eagerly we scan the perfumed pages of the Bookman for the first installment of that much desired exposition—Heart of Woman!

WE take great pleasure in announcing the election of Miss Jeannette Bliss Gillespie, Barnard, and Mr. E. B. Mitchell, 1901 College, to the Board of Editors of the Morningside.

Songs and Roses

The sweetest song I send thee, dear,
  Though love were put to melody
And sang my whole heart to thine ear,
  Still were not sweet enough for thee.

If every rose I give thee, dear,
  Meant but my world of ecstasy,
Translated but the love I bear,
  That were not love enough for thee.

But see, as unused tones among
  The harp-strings wait the finger-touch,
More than my love is in the song,
  And the rose faints, it means so much.

How many times a lover, strong
  As only love makes strong, and brave,
Put all his heart into the song,
  Enriched it by the love he gave!

Whene'er true hearts have burned to thought,
  Speaking in roses, not in word,
A charm from both the rose has caught,
  From heart that spoke and heart that heard.

The wealth of Life that overflows,
  Rare value to the soul that heeds—
Ah! love, with rose and song it goes—
  Dead sweetness culled from living deeds.

John Erskine

Rhymes

What shall a lover
  Give to a maiden,
So to discover
  His breast, love-laden?

Most shall endear him
  Warm passion, soft tears;
Still to be near him
  She wishes and fears.

G. E. W.

Two Fools and a Tandem.

THERE was a crash of broken glass and a gale of immoderate laughter. Every one of the passengers on the little Swiss train had turned his surprised face in our direction, from watching the receding valley below. When I realized what had happened I found myself lying back with my head and shoulders through the window of the compartment, and Billy trying to get me to my feet again on the observation gallery that ran along the side of the carriage. "Serve you right for going to sleep where there was such a view," he said. "Nonsense," I answered, but didn't stop to argue with him, though I knew it was all the fault of that absurd railway. I had merely been leaning back, admiring the waterfall on the other side of the valley, and a trying to forget the big, loud-voiced German with the Baedeker, when the wheezy little engine had given a particularly jerky cough and sent me

through the window. My feelings were hurt, not so much because all the Germans had laughed at me, but because broken windows are undignified as well as expensive, and I knew it wouldn't have happened if Billy had only taken my advice in the first place. I told him when we got to Meiringen, at lunch-time that, after we had come thirty miles already, it would be much more sporty to ride all the way to Lucerne on the tandem, even if it would save us time to take the railway to the top of the Brünig. But Billy argued that the carriage road up the side of the pass was long and tedious, and that we would have to push the tandem up every mile of it in the hot afternoon sun. On the other hand, for a very reasonable consideration, the rack-and-pinion railway would take us to the top in less than half an hour. I hate to argue with Billy, he's so obstinate, and besides, we were at lunch, so I simply said, "Nonsense," and shut up. But Billy had logic on his side, so after lunch he went out and bought the tickets. That was how we came to be on the Brünig Railway, looking down into the peaceful Hasli Valley that sunny afternoon in July, and that is how I came to fall back through the window.

Presently I saw the guard coming along and pulled myself together. He was of the regulation Swiss type, with an abundance of brass buttons, but apparently no brains. At all events, when I tried to ask him what was to be done, he gave the window an unintelligent look, shrugged his shoulders and passed on to the other end of the train. This apparent indifference surprised Billy and myself, and we expected him to return at any moment reinforced by his full staff of officers and brakemen. But he didn't appear, and I began to wonder whether my sense of honor demanded that I should go after him and attempt a more elaborate explanation in German. Billy maintained that something of the sort was certainly nec-

essary. But Billy doesn't speak German. We were still discussing this delicate point of ethics when the train drew up beside the station at the top of the pass. Then the guard came along the platform with a baby-smile on his stupid face and stood by the gate at the end of the carriage. "Well," I said to myself, "here goes!" and stepped down beside him. "How much is there to pay for the broken window?" I asked, all in my best German, as I handed him our tickets, and Billy pointed to the heap of jagged pieces in the corner of the gallery. The fellow must have been drunk, for he paid less attention than before, and merely murmured something about its being an express train for Lucerne. I turned to Billy for help, but he only motioned suggestively over his shoulder. The temptation was too great. I was exasperated and disgusted at the failure of any attempts to explain. I turned away, and together we made for the baggage van and rescued the tandem, which was just being deposited on the platform. We got into our places, and started slowly off. The passengers, led by the big German, with the Baedeker, broke into a thin cheer, and we turned to wave them farewell. There stood the guard, apparently asleep. The engineer was leisurely pumping water into the fat, breathless little engine, and preparing it for its long run down to Lucerne. As we swung into the road behind the station, we wondered in an amused sort of way, whether we and the tandem wouldn't get to Lucerne before the so-called express train, and congratulated ourselves on the stupidity of the guard, through which we had been able to break a window and come off no lighter in pocket.

The road, fringed on one side with small black firs, and flanked on the other by a confused pile of granite, lay white and broad before us. It ran straight and level for a hundred yards and then dropped out of sight. We rode to the edge

and looked down three thousand feet into the Lungern Thal. It opened like a great V, from the narrow black gorge, bristling with pines at our feet, into a wide peaceful valley, rolling green, and dotted with villages, to where in the distance stood Pilatus, gaunt and shadowy, in a blue haze.

Down the sides of the valley the road drops for ten miles in great broad sweeps from one side to the other, now and then doubling sharp on itself and zigzagging down the steepest bits, but every once in a while straightening out for a good mile stretch or more, and all the time white and firm as a yacht's deck. Jove! What a ride that was! At first we tried to keep the tandem back and go at a dignified pace, but she chafed and pulled so, and swung around the corners in such a business-like way, that we had to give her her head. The wind was sharp and cool at our backs, and the smell of the pines in our faces was soft and pungent. We were both as fit as could be. Billy was never in such good shape. Of course, I couldn't see how much work he was doing, but the back seat never pushed so hard before or since. In less than three minutes we were tearing along like a small cyclone, nearly beside ourselves, with the exhilaration of the pace. The old tandem rocked and swayed around the turns, and grunted with satisfaction when she straightened out on the stretches, the spokes were humming a busy little song to themselves, and the white road smoked under the tread of the tires. The straight black trees rushed past like a picket fence, and the brook beside the road laughed at us as it tried to keep up. But that only made us go faster still. We laughed back, laughed because we were living three to the minute, and had to laugh at something. So we kept going faster and faster, and it's a mercy we didn't ride off at a tangent, and land in a heap at the bottom of the gorge.

Fortunately, we had the road almost to ourselves ; what we would have done if we had met anything big or clumsy, heaven only knows. And, as it was, every time we tore around a curve I could hear Billy catch his breath, tighten his grip on the handles, and then heave a deep sigh of relief as the road stretched out again broad and empty before us. Once we flew past a blue-aproned old stone-breaker. He was sitting at the side of the road by his pile of broken flint, and looked up quickly when he heard us coming. His jaw dropped, and he paused with his hands holding the hammer ready to fall on the stone at his knees. Billy took a quick look back as we disappeared around the next turn, and saw him still sitting there, stiffened into a flinty stare at this wonder. Lower down, we passed two men in their round hats and coarse brown homespun, with bundles over their backs. They stepped aside into the ditch and, wide-eyed, watched this two-headed, clanging monster rush past in a whirl of white dust.

But now the road began to grow less steep, with fewer turns and drops ; the stretches grew longer and longer, and finally we rode out of the deep coolness of the pines into the quiet warmth of the green-spread valley. Ahead of us lay a cluster of black-roofed chalets, but in a minute we had dashed through the deserted street, before any one but the sleepy chickens in the road had time to notice us, and then, half a mile beyond, we drew up beside a pond that calls itself the Lake of Lungern, and sat down on a stone to rest and look back.

It was some time before we could make up our minds to go on, and when we did get into the saddle again we ambled, more asleep than awake, along the dusty road that wandered aimlessly between the heavy-scented hay-fields, Once in a while we passed a dilapidated gray cross tilted against the

rickety fence, that reminded us we were now in Catholic Switzerland, and had forsaken our Protestant convictions when we left the headwaters of the Aare on the other side of the pass.

Before long the road, in one of its windings, led us across the railway tracks. The sour-faced old woman, whose duty it was to tend the gates, sat knitting among the bees and flowers of her many-hued garden. Riding close to the fence, we gave her the customary "Grüsse!" and inquired how soon the train from Brünig was due. "Thirty minutes," she grunted, and dropped her sharp black eyes to her work again. We forgave her ill-temper, for the information about the train came with a pleasant thrill of surprise. The thought that we had left it so far behind inspired us to a momentary spurt; but the air was warm and drowsy, we were getting uncommonly lazy, and soon relapsing into our former snail's pace, we forgot all about trains and triumphs.

And now the spires of Giswil were ahead of us. Straight and slender they rise, like Danish firs, from their broad, incurving bases to their delicate, tapering points; and below them nestles the village, perched on the top of a green wave that stretches from side to side of the valley and seems ceaselessly trying to break upon the lower level beyond.

As we mounted the crest of this little breaker, caught and held fast between the two walls, we got a more extended view down the broadening valley, and there, right at our feet, lay the Sarner See, with the good-sized town of Sarnen on its hill at the other end. This was bringing us back to comparative civilization, and we rode reluctantly along the side of the lake and turned into the straight bit that leads to the town.

And now, of a sudden, we noticed two figures standing in the middle of the road. As we drew near, wondering who they might be, we saw that they were making signals to us.

As we came up, they advanced in a sheepish, hesitating way, with a mildly imploring sweep of their extended arms that puzzled us entirely. One of them was a small, wizened old chap with timid, frightened eyes. He wore a baggy blue uniform, trimmed with red, and a tin badge on his visored cap. We set him down at once as a postman. The other was an ordinary young man, who wore a straw hat and a brown suit, and had an air as of having seen cities. Neither of them looked like beggars, so we couldn't for the life of us tell why they should stand there in the middle of the road, looking as though they wanted to turn and run, but all the time stretching their arms out at us in that absurdly inane way. We didn't want to run over them, so we stopped short and got off. The old postman stood rooted to the spot, his knees shaking under him. The younger man advanced, straw hat in hand. Drawing himself up, he cleared his throat, and with a superb gesture handed me a blue envelope.

"*Messieurs, vous êtes arrêtés!*"

Arrested! If an avalanche had swooped down upon us from the mountains yonder, we could not have been more surprised. I ripped open the telegram, and read in that characteristic German script: "Zwei junge Engländer" (this last probably on account of my mastery of the language) "passed through here on a tandem. They must be arrested and fined five francs for a broken window." "And three francs extra for police fine; that makes eight," added our captor, courteously. I turned to Billy, who had been jabbering away in French. "Well, Billy, this is a go! That old guard must have waked up, after all." "Yes," said Billy; "this chap is the telegraph operator at Sarnen. He says that they telegraphed down from the top of the pass over an hour ago, and as the policeman didn't care to come out alone, he came along himself to see that the job was properly done."

We understood now. The old man was the town policeman. The idea of going out alone and unarmed to meet two fierce young foreigners on a tandem was more than his courage could stand, so he had accepted the offer of this self-reliant young operator to go along and do the talking.

The whole thing was too absurd. There stood the two of us beside the tandem, with the young man trying to make his voice sound big and important, and the old policeman shaking in his boots and looking as though he were going to be flogged. Billy and I could hardly stand for laughing. There we were, actually in the clutches of the law, but instead of being impressed we were only wondering whether Swiss justice always carried out its decrees in such a picturesque way. But the young man didn't seem to think it so awfully funny. He was beginning to get angry, so Billy and I sobered down, and I offered him a twenty-five franc piece. You should have seen their faces. The gold was a surprise in itself, and they evidently hadn't expected us to pay at all, until we had gone through all the red tape of the magistrate's office. The idea of our paying on the spot, without resistance or even remonstrance, was simply beyond their comprehension. They stood and stared at us in bewildered surprise. What kind of young men were these who went tearing over the country on a murderous-looking tandem, indifferently smashing windows and throwing gold coins right and left? Presently the young man found his voice again. "Messieurs might go to the station-house if they wished." No, we had no particular desire to see the inside of the station-house. We were quite willing to settle immediately. Well, then, if we insisted, he would try to make change. So he and the policeman emptied their pockets and between them managed to make up the necessary amount. As soon as they had handed over the change they seemed to consider the incident

closed, and were about to take leave of us. "Not a bit of it," thought Billy and I; this was altogether too much of a lark to stop now. So we told them that we were tired and thirsty, and suggested that they show us some good inn and join us in a bottle of wine. The younger man directed us to a hotel in the middle of the village street, but the proffered invitation he didn't seem to understand at all; for when we came to the first split in the road, he explained that they would take the turn to the right, which led to the station, but that we should keep straight on. We insisted that they must not desert us. "But if we go through the village with you, everyone will think you are arrested." "Well, who cared? It didn't make the slightest difference to us; and besides," we added, "we have arrested you now, and you've got to come, whether you want to or not." When they saw that we were in earnest in this, to their way of thinking, extraordinary invitation, they beamed all over, dropped their professional air, and came along like the good fellows they really were.

The walk into the town was if possible more amusing than the arrest itself. Everyone we passed looked at us as though we were a menagerie indicted for burglary or some other dreadful crime. Just as we came to the monastery and convent that stand outside the town, on either side of the road, a couple of brawny Capuchins were piloting a line of small boys from one building to the other, and we drew up to let them cross. The monks put on their most pharisaical looks and drew their brown skirts about them as they passed, but we could see all the while they were bursting with curiosity, and as for the small boys, their faces were beyond description.

Then we moved on again and stopped before the *Gasthaus Adler*. It needed another argument to persuade our captors that we really wanted them to join us, but we finally over-

ruled their modest misgivings, and they stood aside, hats off, with a humble "Par compliment messieurs," to let us pass before them into the garden by the hotel. Its gravel circle set with green tables and three-legged stools was quiet and cool in the shade of the thick growing shrubbery. The wondering bar-maid, in response to our order, supplied us with "zwei litre offenes wein," and then followed the most unique half hour it had ever been our lot to spend. The hotel servants, one by one, came and looked at us through the shutters with curious eyes. The old policeman sat with his uniform unbuttoned and gazed at us in silent admiration. The young man talked incessantly in French and German, while Billy and I plied him with white wine and questions, till he became delightfully incoherent and amusing. He was profuse in eulogies on the generosity of our conduct; the extolled the public institutions of Sarnen; he expatiated at length on his own travels and education. What a beautiful machine that tandem of ours was! Did we know that it was the first that had ever come over the Brünig? Where were we going? Were we travelling for pleasure? We were journalists, eh? What a pity it was he could not read English, for then we could have written up an account of this little adventure and sent him a copy of the paper as a memento. Bah! what a pity it was that the Herr Director was not present. He would be so disappointed, when he learned what an occasion this had been, not to have done the honours of the town himself. We must spend the night in Sarnen and make the acquaintance of the Herr Director; he would doubtless be delighted to have us dine with him, and so on, and so on, for nearly half an hour. Then the old man, who had been sitting all the while without saying a word, stood up. With a voice full of emotion he announced to the gentlemen, that for thirty years he had been the only policeman in Sarnen, and that no one had ever

treated him so nobly. If it were always like this, it would not be a half bad job. This capped the climax and we walked out of the garden feeling as though we had always been the best of friends.

Mein host was exhibiting the tandem to the assembled crowd of small boys with an air of proprietorship, but retired to his place in the front door as we proceeded to mount.

When we reached the end of the street we turned to look back. There stood the old policemán and the telegraph operator, waving their hats above their heads, and around them the small boys were yelling, "All Heil!" "All Heil!!" at the tops of their voices.

I looked at Billy, and Billy looked at me. Never but once, and of that some other time, have I seen Billy so hilarious. As soon as we got clear of the village, we dropped the tandem into a ditch, sat down beside the road and laughed till we cried. We even fired, for the first time, the little revolver that we carried in the toolbag, to let off our superfluous spirits, and by way of a suitable celebration of the event of our lives. Just then we heard a familiar little cough and a pathetic shriek in the village behind us. Pulling ourselves together, we started off for Lucerne. The train with the broken window had reached Sarnen, but the two fools and the tandem had gone.

A. A. F.

The Land of Dreams

The land of dreams how real it seems,
  The land of dreams how real,
As over its Lethean streams
  Our ships of slumber steal!

The meadows there are green and bright,
  The fields they stretch away
Through dreamy leagues of Dreamland night
  To the bright horizon—day.

Julian Collier Harrison

Vale Gloria!

I am a gamboling quadruped
  They call me a Harlem goat;
And in former days, my fame, wide-spread,
  Echoed loud in the popular throat.

But I fear that I'm forced to resign my name,
  Though my kinship I hate to deny,
For, up here, since the great University came,
  There are much bigger goats than I.

H. W. Z.

AVERY CLASSICS

Clipping

Song on an Oriental Theme

All is false; yet love!
Love, dream, and desire.
Bare thy throat, bare thy heart,
To the knife, to the fire.

All is lies; yet believe!
Love, desire, and dream.
Spend thy life for the love
Of the things that seem.

By thy side gapes the grave,
Flash thy life at the sky,
Then go down to the dark.
Dream, desire, love, die.

Curtis Hidden Page, in the Century

College Pins
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COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science. Teachers College, a professional school for teachers, while financially an independent corporation, is also a part of the university. As a professional school it is conducted by its own Faculty. From the point of view of the university, its courses in education that lead to a degree fall under the Faculty of Philosophy.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned.

The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to the diploma of Teachers College.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

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